

MAGIC DISAPPEARANCE

By WILL H. HARDEN

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CHAPTER X.

The eighth day was characterized by events which discouraged the passengers, who were anxious to end their long confinement to the ship. A heavy fog had fallen during the night and the vessel, with deafening shrieks of the foghorn, was groping her way as slowly as a great raft. A delay of not less than 12 hours might be counted on, declared expert judges of nautical matters.

Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Nolan were as usual on deck sitting side by side when the second officer passed. He was hailed by an anxious voyager.

"How long is this going to last, really?" asked the passenger.

"Oh, it's lifting rapidly," was the answer. "You won't hear the foghorn much longer. In fact, we are running into quite a gale. It will strike us about dark."

Mrs. Goddard nudged her companion, and when the speaker had walked on, she said in a whisper:

"Things are working beautifully. 'Beautifully,' echoed Mrs. Nolan, whose heavy conscience had intensified her natural dread of dangers at sea.

"Yes, bad weather is exactly what I want," and the plotting woman at once set herself to the study of storm indications.

By eight o'clock that night the sea was rocking, frothing, tossing in fury. The two women shut themselves in their room and held a whispered conference over their final movements. During his rounds over the slippery, spray-washed deck the captain rapped at their door. Mrs. Nolan went to it.

"Passengers are forbidden to go on deck," he said. "Everybody below will stay downstairs. The wind is strong and the sea high. Keep your door locked. How is Mrs. Goddard?"

"Thank you, sir, she seems a little excited, but I think she will soon be asleep," and she closed the door as he walked away.

"That was a splendid reply," said Mrs. Goddard, approvingly. "Everything is working well; the deck will be entirely deserted. To be on the safe side, wait till ten o'clock. Remember, you are to do it all now. It depends on you. If they press you too hard for explanations, go into hysterics. You surely can do that."

"I presume I can; but oh, my Lord!" "Don't begin that; we are here for battle. Do you remember every detail now?"

"As if they made up my whole life and my life depended on my knowing them."

"Well, I think you'll do. Don't forget to yell at the top of your lungs, and if they should want to open the closet don't let them do it, if you have to knock somebody down."

"I'll prevent it if I can. It would be awful for us to be caught in this. We must carry it through."

"Be sure there is no one looking when—when I am supposed to make the plunge." Mrs. Goddard made a peep-hole at the side of the window curtain, which was always drawn down, and peered out on deck. "It's as dark as Erebus out there," she said.

Then they sat down and remained silent till the bells struck the hour of ten.

"Now, look me in. Remember, when the coast is clear for me to come out, you are to signal three times softly—so!" And Mrs. Goddard rapped on the door of the closet with her knuckles.

"I understand," said Mrs. Nolan, firmly. "Now get in and let's have it over with."

"You needn't look so excited," smiled Mrs. Goddard, as she sat down on the stool in the closet and drew her skirts round her ankles.

"I am not any more so than you are," retorted Mrs. Nolan. "I've seen you in a good many tight places, and I have never seen just such a funny look about your mouth."

Mrs. Goddard made a failure of her next smile.

"I actually feel as if I were being buried alive; ugh! Shut me in and act your part as if your salvation depended on it."

Mrs. Nolan made no response as she shut the door; she seemed to have lost her voice. She turned the key, drew it from the lock, and put it into her pocket. As she did so her fingers touched its duplicate. This gave her an idea, and she rapped on the closet door and then opened it.

"Well?" inquired the prisoner, with a white, startled stare.

"I have both the keys," explained Mrs. Nolan. "Perhaps you ought to keep one. If anything should happen—any accident—to me you would be in a fix. This morning I found that the door could be opened from the inside."

"Lucy, you are sharper than I am; I never would have thought of that." The ship rose on a great swell and rolled far over on its side, throwing Mrs. Nolan into the closet. She braced herself against the wall and held on to the swinging door till the ship had righted itself.

"Don't lose any more time," said Mrs. Goddard. "Wait until we go over on one of those swells and then give the alarm."

Mrs. Nolan locked the closet again and then went to the outer door and opened it. A fierce wind blew upon her and a blinding cloud of spray dashed her to the skin. But when it had lifted, a little she looked out and along the deck. No one was in sight. The Cleopatra rose on a giant wave and slowly rolled over on her side. It was the moment Mrs. Nolan

was expecting. She ran to the railing of the deck, leaned towards the water and then began to scream at the top of her lungs. So well was the moment chosen that not only was she not seen before she desired, but it was not till she had uttered half a dozen piercing screams that her voice was heard by the captain on the bridge.

A deck-hand was the first to reach her, and so well was she skilled in the part she was playing that she only pointed to the water and continued to utter yell after yell.

"What is the matter?" he shouted. She continued to scream, and point to the water.

"What in the devil is wrong here?" yelled the captain, the next on the spot.

"Overboard!" cried Mrs. Nolan. A sudden dash of spray filled her mouth and she coughed. The ship gave a great lurch and she would have fallen had the two men not supported her between them.

"Overboard? Who's overboard?" thundered the captain.

"Mrs. Goddard!" gasped Mrs. Nolan. "She sprang up! I was in my room! She opened the door! I was just in time to see her break from the room! She said something was after her—trying to kill her! She sprang over there—there! I had caught hold of her dress, but she tore loose!"

Here Mrs. Nolan began to show signs of hysteria. The captain swore roundly. He dragged the woman to



SHE WAS HEARD BY THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE.

the door of her stateroom, gave one hurried look round the room and then saying to the sailor: "Take care of her," he was off to stop the ship. A moment later the bell rang sharply. The engines were reversed and the ship floundered helplessly, dangerously, in the trough of the sea.

The boat-gang clattered up from below and there was a faint, storm-muffled shouting of commands as a boat was being lowered.

"Too late!" yelled the captain. "This sea would send us to the bottom! Nothing can be done now!"

There was a moment's pause in the noisy manipulation of ropes and tackle, then the sailors drew the boat back to its place and fastened it there. The ship's engines throbbed sluggishly and there was an attempt, perhaps only for the sake of appearances, to send the ship back in the vicinity of the spot where it was when the alarm was given; but dangerous head-winds retarded this impracticable. In a few minutes the Cleopatra was forging ahead as if nothing unusual had happened.

Mrs. Nolan refused to remain in her stateroom. She escaped the sailor when his back was turned and ran along the deck wringing her hands and wailing. A group of passengers had ventured to the head of the stairs and stood shivering in the wind and spray. A woman in this group caught Mrs. Nolan in her arms and tried to console her.

"Don't take on," she said. "You are not to blame. She was crazy as a loon. She told me to-day that the captain had been hired by some enemy to put her in irons. What did her folks mean by sending her over with just you—such a frail woman?"

"Oh, I don't know, don't ask me!" cried Mrs. Nolan. "She's dead, oh, she's dead!"

The captain was approaching and Mrs. Nolan showed signs of hysteria again.

"I'll take her to her state-room," said the woman.

"I wish you would," said the captain, with an oath. "She's as crazy as her mistress!"

The woman who had proffered her kind offices accompanied Mrs. Nolan to the state-room.

"Now, try not to think of it," she said. "I know it is awful, but the poor thing is better off as she is than to go on having such strange notions. Of course, I mean if there was no cure for her, and there seldom is, you know."

Mrs. Nolan, now that she had such easy credulity to play upon, saw the expediency of getting rid of her visitor so she calmed down wonderfully.

"When I once get to sleep I'll be all right," she declared. "I shall want the door locked. I can't stand the idea of her, poor woman—"

"I'll ask the captain to let me stay with you if you like," and the speaker looked round at the elegant appointments of the comfortable room with a covetous look in her eyes.

"No, thank you. I'd rather be by myself. I was accustomed to being alone till she and I left New York."

"Oh, just as you feel about it!" said the woman, slightly disappointed.

"Well, I think I'd better be going. If they know I'm here all the passengers will want to look round you."

She had hardly left when the captain looked in. His face was deeply troubled.

"I shall want all the details about Mrs. Goddard, so as to make out a report to the ship's company and the authorities when we land—but tomorrow will do."

"I shall have a better head then," said Mrs. Nolan. "I am awfully upset."

"You seem to be blaming yourself," he said, in a kind tone. "I don't think you need do this. I was very much worried the day she spoke so peculiarly to me, but I supposed she had recovered."

"She has been as rational as anybody till to-day," said Mrs. Nolan, wiping her eyes, which somehow—thanks to the spray and constant rubbing—were wet and red. "I was in my room there just thinking of going to bed when she sprang up, and before I knew it she was out on deck, and—oh, it was awful!"

"Try to think of something else," said the captain; "it seems to agitate you. Good night."

She stopped him with a gesture. "I wish you would not let the passengers disturb me," she whimpered. "She and I were dear friends, and you see—"

"You shall have all the privacy you wish," he promised her. "I shall see to that."

When he had gone, Mrs. Nolan locked the door behind him. She looked to see if the window-curtains were well down and then she turned out the electric light. The ship, giving a big roll, almost threw her on her feet, but she held on to the bed and crept to the closet. She gave three soft raps, then inserted the key and opened the door. She groped about till she caught hold of the prisoner's warm hands and drew her out.

"Well?" whispered Mrs. Goddard. "How did it best?"

"I did it work?" was the next whisper, after a pause.

"I think you will not complain. If you have swallowed it whole."

"If you did half as well on deck as you did here with the woman and the captain we have nothing to fear. I laughed several times. Lucy, you are a gem!"

"It's getting into port that I dread," said Mrs. Nolan.

"Leave that to me. I have two plans," replied Mrs. Goddard. "Now, I'm going to bed," she laughed. "This sitting up late is not good for us. Are the window-curtains secure and the door locked?"

"Yes."

"Well, be sure you wake me in the morning at least half an hour before you ring for the stewards. If anybody should come to the door while I am asleep go to it and say that you are not dressed and cannot admit anyone. Have the stewards bring your breakfast and a big pot of coffee."

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Nolan crept into her own room and went to bed. She had her quota of labor superstitious, and the idea of associating such an inevitable thing as death with her misdeeds went against her inclination.

"I feel as if she really did drown herself," she said to her disturbed inner-self, "and that her dripping corpse is in there now unknown to anyone but myself."

She was unable to sleep at all. The ship continued to roll badly and now and then waves which raced one another across the deep struck the vessel broadside with sufficient force to break in the portholes. Indeed, Mrs. Nolan's mind was too active with the part she had played, and with conjuring up possible consequences, to give itself up to unconsciousness. At three o'clock she rose and crept into the adjoining room and bent over her accomplice. To her astonishment this beautiful creature was sleeping as soundly and peacefully as an infant.

"The idea of her taking it so easily and me nearly out of my head is ridiculous," Mrs. Nolan resolutely argued. "I'll go back and sleep. What's the use of worry? She's running the risk."

But she lay with her eyes open till the day broke, then as the sun rose in a cloudless sky she looked from the window. The gale was over, but the waves were still high and looked like hills capped with snow. It was the grandest sight Mrs. Nolan had ever beheld, but she could have desired it less so. Its majesty reminded her of the omnipotence of God against whose laws she had set herself. Her watch told her it was yet half an hour before the time her companion usually awoke, yet Mrs. Nolan had already borne the mental weight of what had taken place as long as she intended. She wanted company, so she shook Mrs. Goddard gently. This much-indulged woman was in the habit of entering the waking state by a series of audible yawns and little cries and these unconscious outbursts Mrs. Nolan had to stifle by holding her hand over their source. Finally Mrs. Goddard opened her eyes and ceased to squirm about.

"It's too early," she asserted, drowsily. "It is still dark."

"Don't talk above a whisper," cautioned Mrs. Nolan. "It's dark because the curtains are down. It's really a bright day."

"What time is it?"

"Eight o'clock."

When Mrs. Goddard had risen and dressed, and they had smoothed out her bed till it had the appearance of not having been used, she took her place in the closet.

"Now," she said, "be me, and then ring for your breakfast. I shall sit so long cramped up here. To gain time, perhaps it would be a good idea to order your breakfast and have the stewards arrange the room at once. Give her a tip—ten dollars will not be too little, or too large; she may be thinking now that I am overboard, that she won't get her fee. The money will put her in a good humor; it will make her respect you, and then you must request her to see that you are left alone."

The stewardess brought up Mrs.



BEFORE.



AFTER.

BE NOT DECEIVED

TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

King of all Hair Tonics,

"OZONO."

Recognizing the fact that there are many SO CALLED hair-growers and hair-straighteners now on the market, and knowing to a certainty that many of these are frauds pure and simple, we wish to make a straight-forward, honest statement to the colored race through this great paper. In the year 1871 our late secretary, Mrs. S. M. Moore, through a fortunate circumstance, acquired the receipt for OZONO. It was not offered for sale or purchase to any extent until 1875, when it was put upon the market and that time it was pronounced an honest, legitimate remedy, true to all that was claimed for it, and worthy in every respect of the confidence of every member of the colored race, because they found it to cause the hair to grow long and straight, soft and fine, and as beautiful as an April morning. Now, whenever a genuine article appears upon the market there are always a number of people who imitate and make capital out of the merits of other people's goods. Seeing our marked success, numerous firms have entered the market, offering hair-growers and hair-straighteners, many of which are worthless, causing the hair to fall out and doing great damage to the hair and scalp, and the colored people are buying these spurious compounds which are filled with animal fats, and do the hair more harm than good. To these let us sound a warning—be careful what you use on your hair. Do not be deceived by daring advertisements and big words. Buy the King of all Hair Tonics,

OZONO,

which is sold with an iron-clad guarantee to do all that is claimed for it, or we will forfeit \$50.00. Now, we ask you a plain question—would we absolutely agree to forfeit \$50.00 if you are dissatisfied with our preparations? If they were not true to all we claim for them? We have advertised for several years under this guarantee, and we are glad to say that every one who has used Ozono has been satisfied in every respect.

20,000 people are to-day using our preparations, and every purchaser recommends Ozono as the King of all Hair Tonics. Ozono will positively take the Kinks out of Knotty, Kinky, Harsh, Curly, Refractory, Troublesome Hair. It will make short, harsh hair long and straight. It will cure your head of all itching, worrying scalp diseases. Itch, Eczema, Dandruff, and Scurf can not live after Ozono has been applied. It will stop your hair from falling out. It will restore gray hair to its natural color, making the hair long and soft.

Now, right here, let us make a statement. Many firms are advertising remedies to straighten hair, but when they send the preparation they tell you to use hot irons. Friends, do not use hot irons; they will burn up the life of the hair, and cause it to drop out. Ozono straightens without any outside assistance. Nothing but Ozono is necessary, and the hair stays straight forever. You can stop the use of hot irons. The good effects on the hair are seen in a day or two after the first application.

The price of Ozono is 50c. a bottle—4 boxes do the work. We make this liberal offer, which is good at any time: Cut out this coupon and send to us, enclosing with it the sum of One Dollar, and we will forward to you four large boxes of Ozono and one large bottle of Electrical Skin Refiner, which makes black skin bright, rough skin soft, and actually removes skin diseases. Also removes all facial imperfections, and actually removes small-pox pits. We will also include one fancy jar of our Electrical Skin Food—Nature's great beautifier—removes wrinkles, moth patches, freckles, and all facial blemishes; makes the old look young and the young look younger.

We will also include one package of our celebrated Scalp Soap, which is absolutely CHEMICALLY PURE, and no soap but a pure soap should ever

Nolan's breakfast on a tray. Her face really did wear a certain look of discontent as she put the things on the table.

"Here is some money for you," said Mrs. Nolan. "While it is true that Mrs. Goddard employed me as a companion, we are more like friends, and if she were alive she would have given that much to you, I am sure."

The woman's face lighted up as she unfolded the banknote.

"Thank you, madam," she said. "It was awful, wasn't it?"

"I was unable to sleep last night on account of it," said Mrs. Nolan, pouring her coffee. "The rooms need very little attention. Please have the tray and see that I am not disturbed any more than possible."

"I will, madam, thank you very much." And in a few minutes her work was finished and she withdrew.

Then the closet was opened and Mrs. Goddard came out.

"I only want a roll and a cup of coffee," she said, in a whisper.

When they had both finished breakfast, Mrs. Goddard coiled herself up in bed and began to read a novel. About 11 o'clock there was a rap at the door. Mrs. Nolan opened it about an inch. It was the stewardess to say that the captain would like to see her when it was convenient.

"Tell him I'll come at once," said Mrs. Nolan, and she turned back into the room, closing the door.

"You had better go right on," said Mrs. Goddard, with a white set face.

"He only wants the particulars about me. Tell him a straight tale. I shall not stay in the closet."

"But the risk!" protested the more cautious woman.

"Oh, hang the risk!" said Mrs. Goddard, coarsely.

"I won't go a step unless you stay in the closet."

"Very well, I am glad you are so careful, after all. My Lord, it makes me shiver to think of our being caught."

"I think, just to disarm suspicion, I'd better leave the stateroom door wide open. As we have both the closet keys it would be safe."

"I told you you had a better head than I have," said Mrs. Goddard from her seat in the closet; "that's a splendid idea."

"Great God! I never thought of that. What did you say?"

"I told him your purse with a few dollars only was here in my possession, but that you were owing me a large amount and that I thought I ought to be allowed to have it."

"Ah, first rate!"

"Then he looked at the second officer and said: 'How much is in the purse?'"

"I told him that I thought there was about \$50. Then he and the officer exchanged looks again and the captain said: 'Is it likely, do you think, that a lady of Mrs. Goddard's position would make a voyage to Europe on so small an amount?'"

"Ah!" Our female Quixote was all of a quiver. "What did you say to that, Lucy?"

"I told him that you had told me you had a sight draft on a London bank which you intended to get cashed as soon as we landed."

"What on earth did you say that for?" gasped Mrs. Goddard.

Mrs. Nolan smiled significantly.

"I told him you always wore it and your jewels in a strong belt round your waist."

Mrs. Goddard held her breath for a moment, then:

"Did it go down?" She used slang only when great excitement drew about her the habits of her early life.

"Yes, down with you—to the bottom of the sea," said Mrs. Nolan, smiling grimly.

The next day passed agreeably enough, but for the fact that on a diet of cold canned meats, biscuits and wine Mrs. Goddard chafed under the monotonous restraint of the darkened room, and Mrs. Nolan's absence, for this woman, as a part of her role, now took walks by herself on those parts of the deck not frequented by the other passengers, and went down for her meals. The swell of the sea had degenerated into mere ripples, and not a white cap was visible. The weather was ideal. The woman who had proffered her services to Mrs. Nolan on the night of the supposed accident approached during one of these walks and gave her a piece of information which she immediately bore to the impatient recluse.

"We are going to arrive at Liverpool to-night," she explained when she reached Mrs. Goddard's side. "We will get in about midnight and lay at anchor till next morning. All the salon passengers will go ashore on the tender at eight o'clock in the morning. A tender for the second-cabin passengers will leave just before day. Jeanne, how on earth do you intend to get ashore unnoticed?"

The woman to whom this question was addressed seemed to be lost in crafty meditation. Suddenly it seemed to occur to her that she had not answered and she said:

be used on the scalp. And, lastly, to prove our liberality, we will put in a pint package of Anti-Odor, a positive cure for Sore Throat or Mouth, all forms of Womb Diseases, Chills, Sore and Frosted Feet; also removes all smells and odors arising from the human body, such as feet, arm pits, etc. The actual value of this Grand Aggregate is \$4.00, but we let you have it for \$1.00, simply to introduce honest goods. In order to protect the public in general from imitations of our goods, and to avoid mistakes, we have placed upon our coupon our Trade-Mark, one head showing Short Hair and the other head Long Hair. The U. S. Government has granted us this trade-mark, and it is registered in the Patent Office at Washington; so if the coupon has this trade-mark on it, you will make no mistake. Use only the coupon having the two heads on it. As to our responsibility, we refer you to the Editor of this paper or to the Metropolitan Bank of Richmond, Va. We have thousands of testimonials we have not space to publish. Here is a sample of one:

Boston Chemical Company:
Dear Sirs,—You are at liberty to state in any newspaper that I have used OZONO, and give it my most hearty recommendation. I have been fooled so often, it does me good to recommend honest goods.

Here is another:
Gentlemen,—After using OZONO a short while only, I am glad to say that my hair is already straight and growing finely.

A last word. OZONO is absolutely guaranteed to straighten hair and cause a beautiful and luxurious growth. If your hair is already straight, "OZONO." Send us \$1.00 at once, and the goods will be sent the same day we receive your order.

BOSTON CHEMICAL CO.,
310 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Boston Chemical Co.,
310 East Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

I enclose you \$1.00, for which please send at once the following goods:

4 Boxes of Ozono, worth \$2.00. 1 Bottle Electrical Skin Refiner, worth 50c. 1 Bottle Electrical Skin Food, worth 50c. 1 Package (1 pint) Anti-Odor, worth 50c. 1 Package Scalp Soap, worth 50c. Total, \$4.00.

Name..... House, No.....
Street..... City.....
County..... State.....

If you want 4 lots like above, send \$3.00. If you have a friend who has no coupon, let her write her name on a piece of paper and pin to coupon when you send your order.

"My first intention was to stay in my hiding-place until the ship was in the dock, and it was the most risky part of the entire undertaking, but, Lucy, I am going to go ashore with the second cabin passengers. It will still be dark, and if I am well veiled, they will not know me in the rush that always takes place at such a time. Yes, I shall at all events try that."

"But where shall I meet you?" asked Mrs. Nolan, frightened by the precariousness of the undertaking.

"I shall go to the Hamilton hotel, and wait for you there. You'd better go to another, and when you feel that you are not observed go out for a walk and join me. I shall register as Mrs. Charles Gray, of Toronto, Canada. When we meet then we shall go on to London together. You know you will have to look after the passing of my luggage through the custom house officers. Tell them you are going straight back to America and will deliver the things to Mr. Goddard. That explanation ought to be sufficient."

The next morning at the hour mentioned Mrs. Goddard was ready for her bold dash for what she called "liberty." She wore a simple black dress and a rather long black veil. Mrs. Nolan had bravely reconnoitered for her; she had gone down at the first bump of the tender against the side of the ship and found the upper decks clear and the lower one a chaos of struggling second-class passengers anxious to get ashore. Mrs. Nolan returned with an air of great relief.

"You'll have no trouble I honestly believe," she declared. "The place is badly lighted and they will drive the people on the tender like sheep. Go right on, take the first flight of stairs to the right and you will be swallowed up in the gang in a minute."

This opinion was well grounded. Mrs. Goddard crossed the deck, descended the steps in question and found herself in a throng of passengers with eyes only for the little boat ahead of them. Our adventureress was soon on the tender, and took the most remote seat she could find in the stern of the boat. It soon began to move.

The lights of Liverpool lay along the shore half a mile distant. The black hull of the Cleopatra loomed overhead like a threatening cloud. Mrs. Goddard held her satchel tightly in her lap. It seemed such a short distance and yet the little boat seemed only to creep. She drew the foggy air deep into her lungs. It seemed so sweet after her close confinement. She would feel that she had earned the right to her freedom when she got it. After awhile, through the gray light of coming dawn, she began to discern the buildings of the city.

A little later the tender was scraping against the piles of the wharf. As she went ashore, Mrs. Goddard saw that two or three sleepy custom officers were hurriedly passing the hand-luggage without examination. It was

single thing to bother me," she said. "And what is to hinder her?"

But as the morning passed and her companion did not appear, her elation changed to anxiety. What could have delayed the woman? Surely something had arisen, even at this late hour, to rouse suspicion. Mrs. Goddard walked the floor like a caged beast. Noon came and passed, and the afternoon dragged itself along at a snail's pace. She was afraid to go out in the street. For aught she knew the police, having arrested her accomplice, was now turning Liverpool upside down to find trace of her. The first shadows of night-fall were like